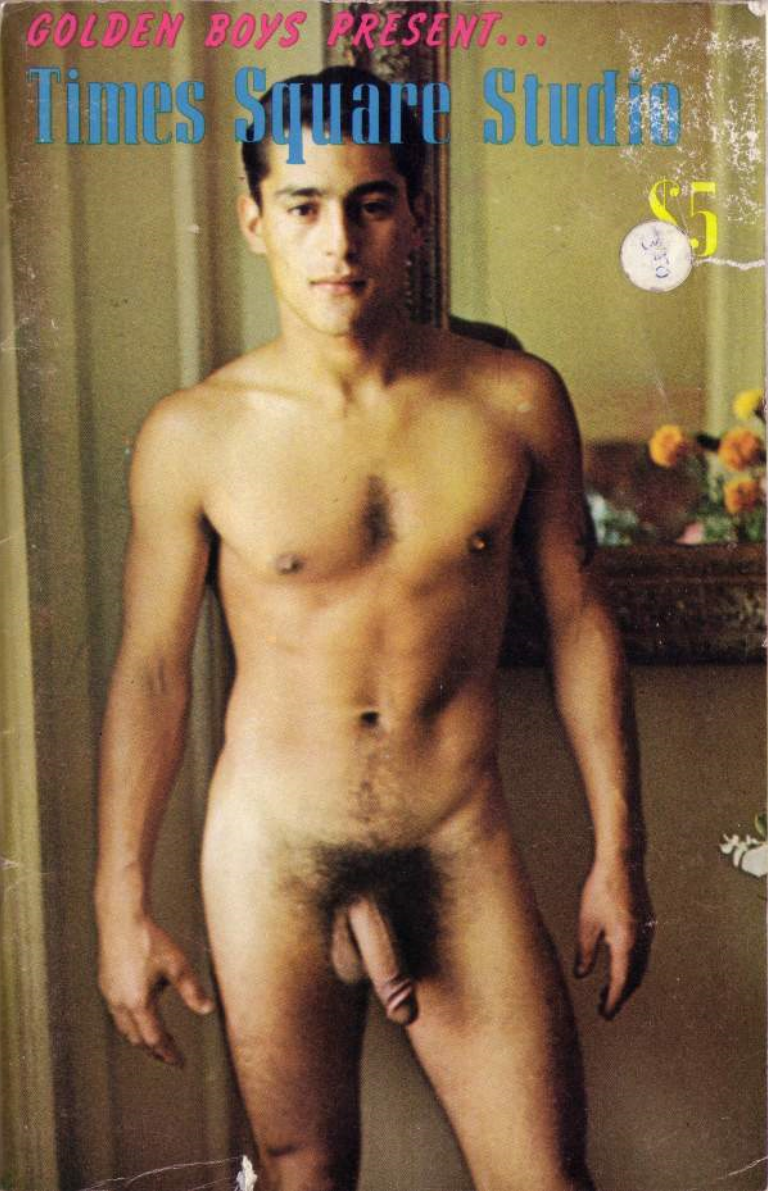
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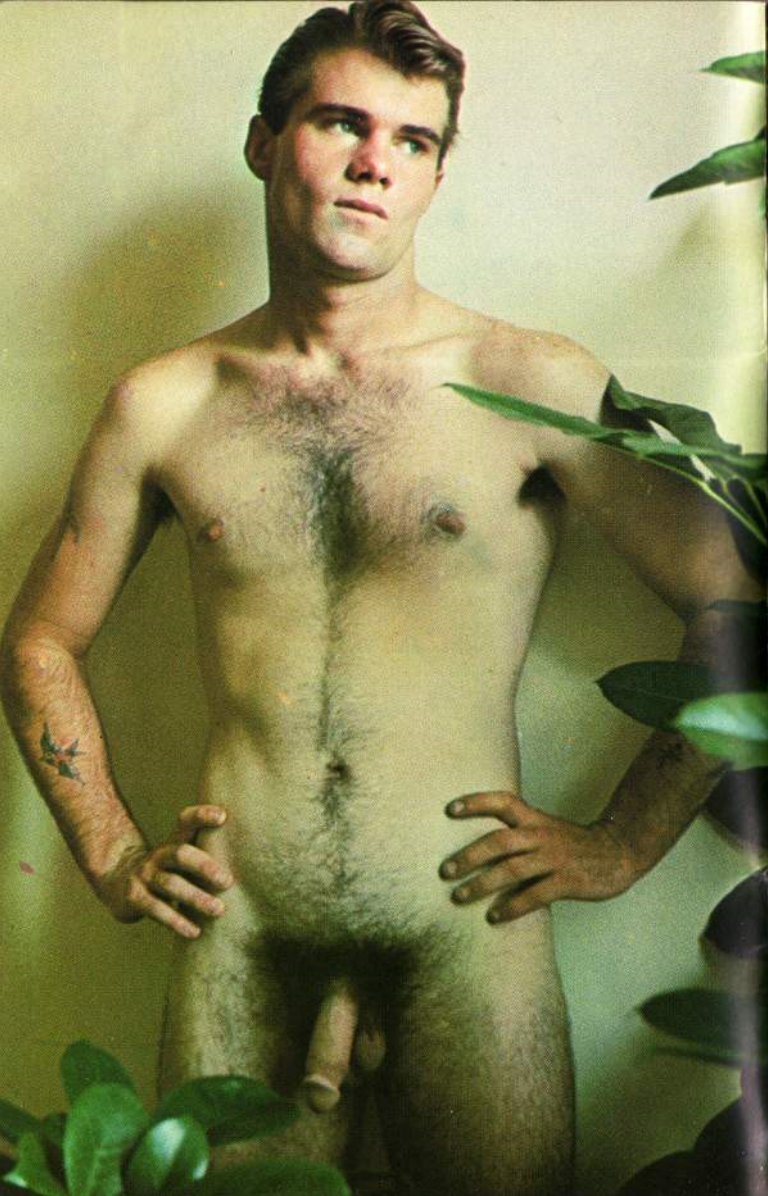

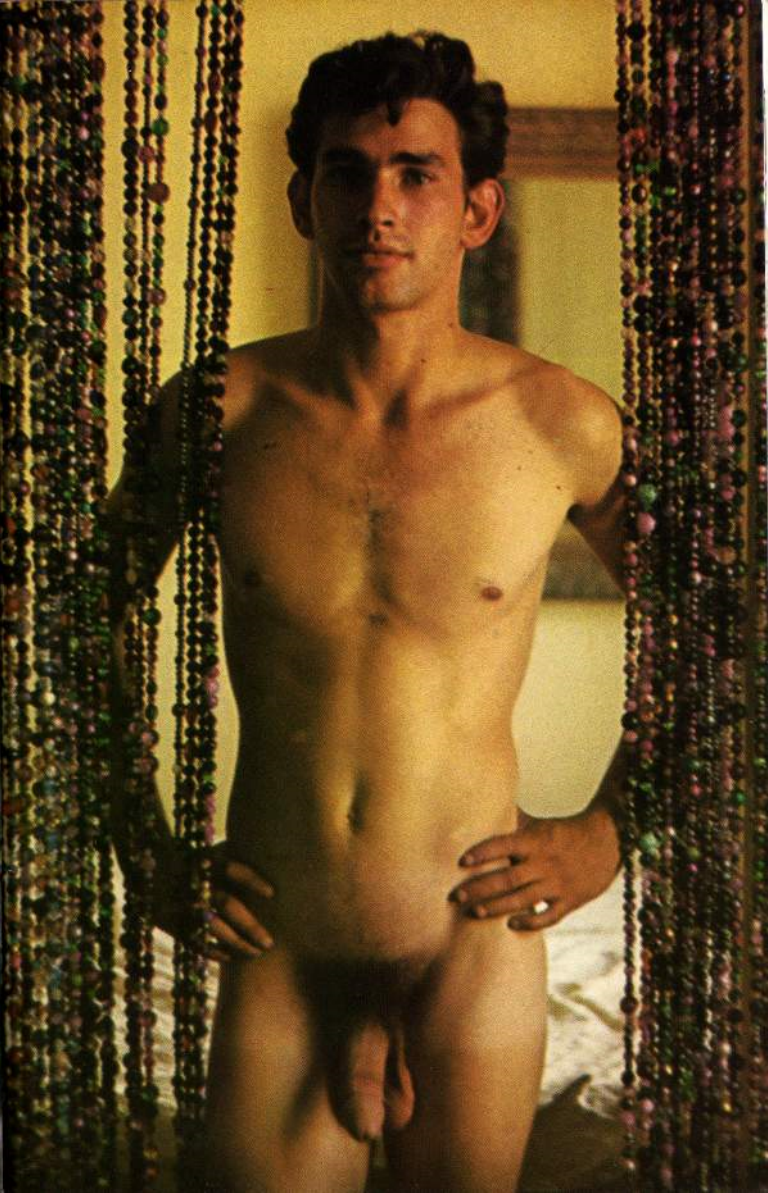

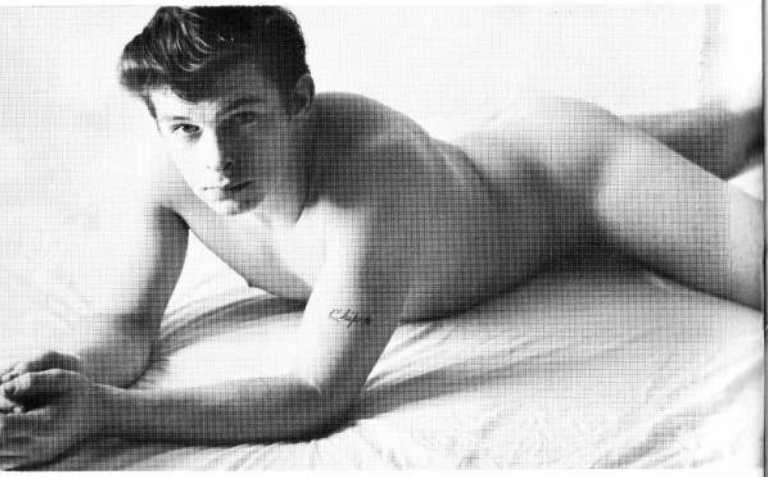

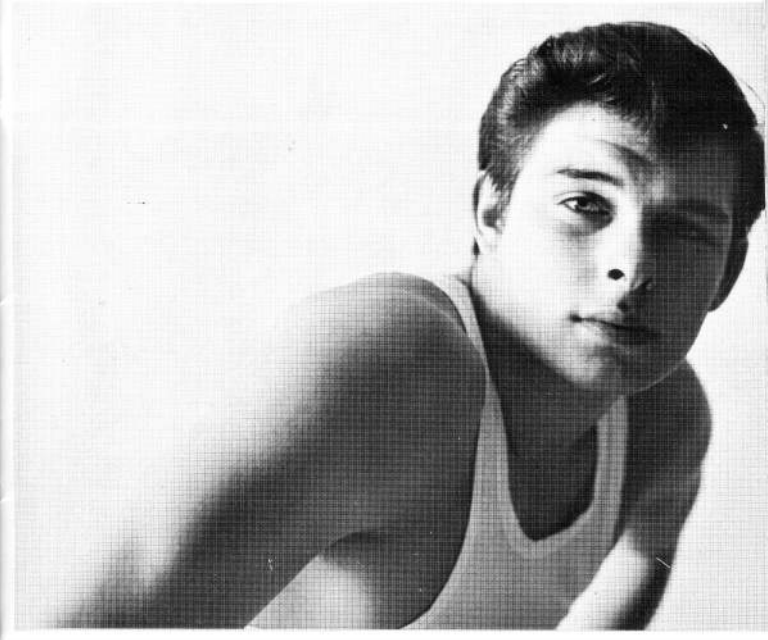

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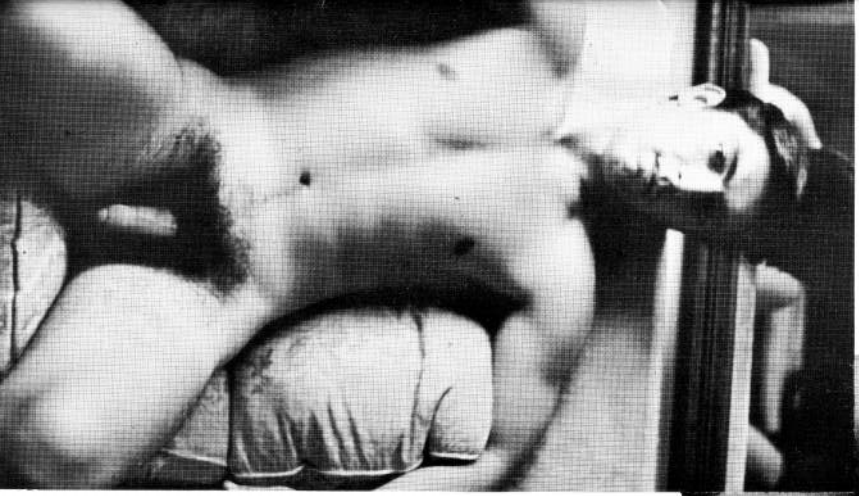

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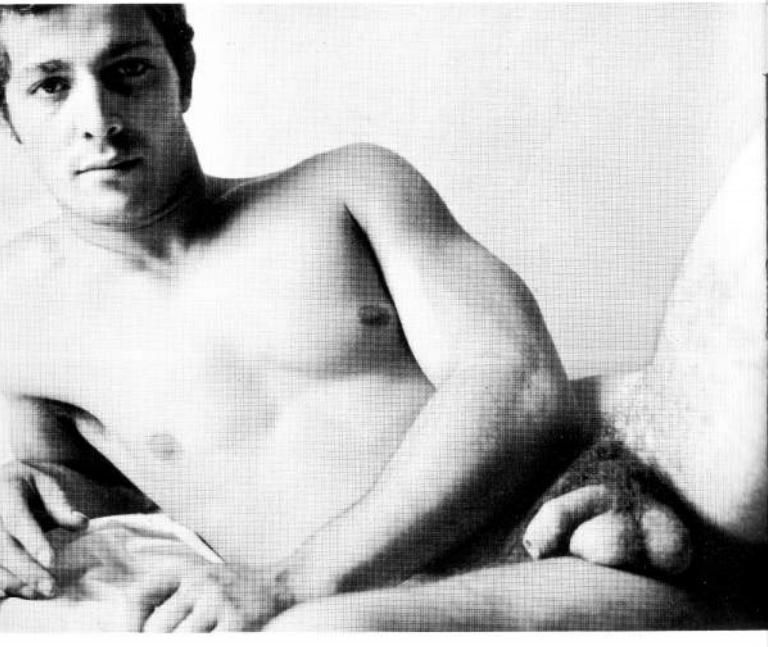

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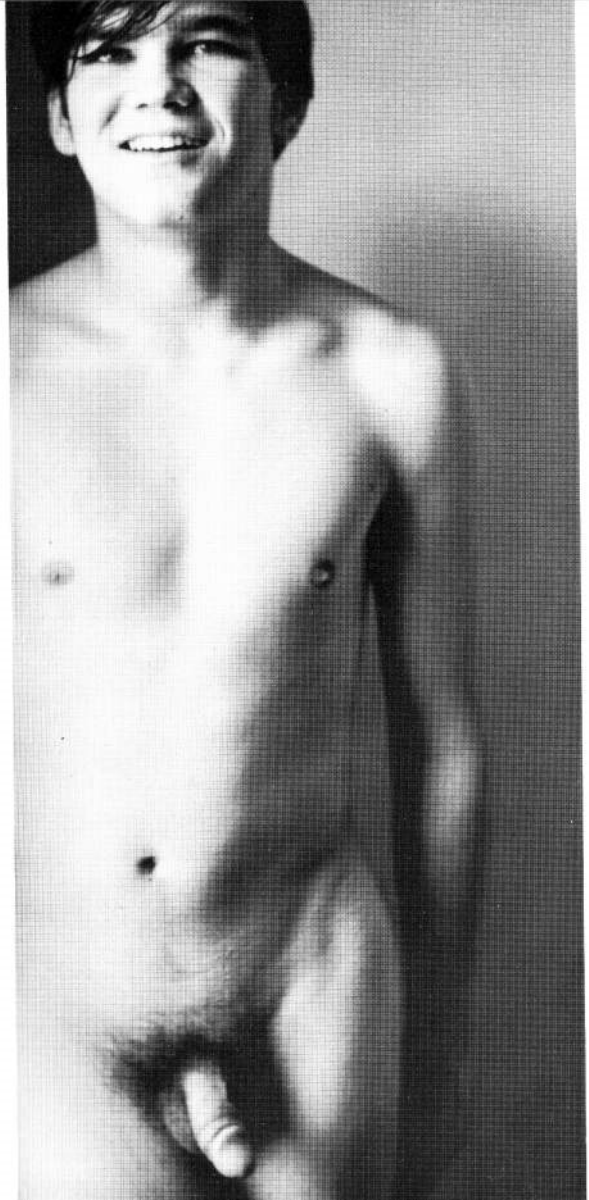

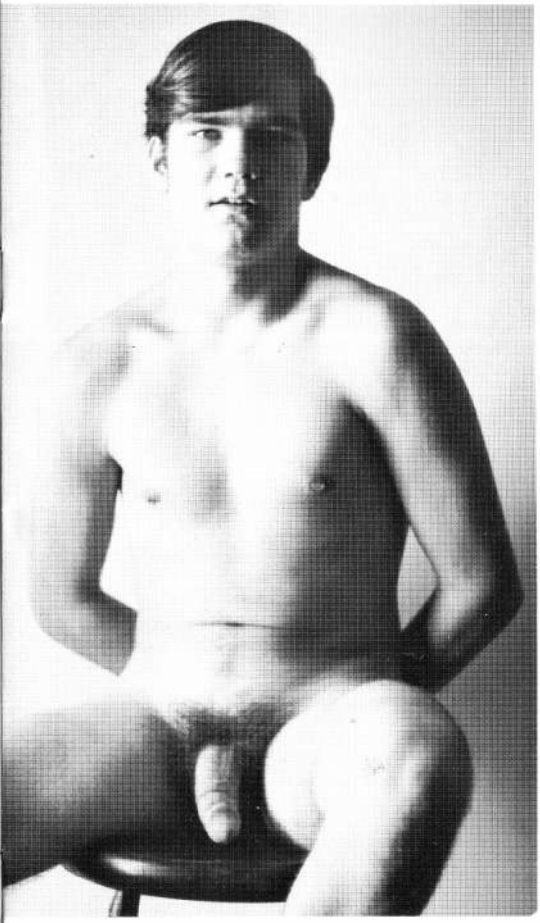

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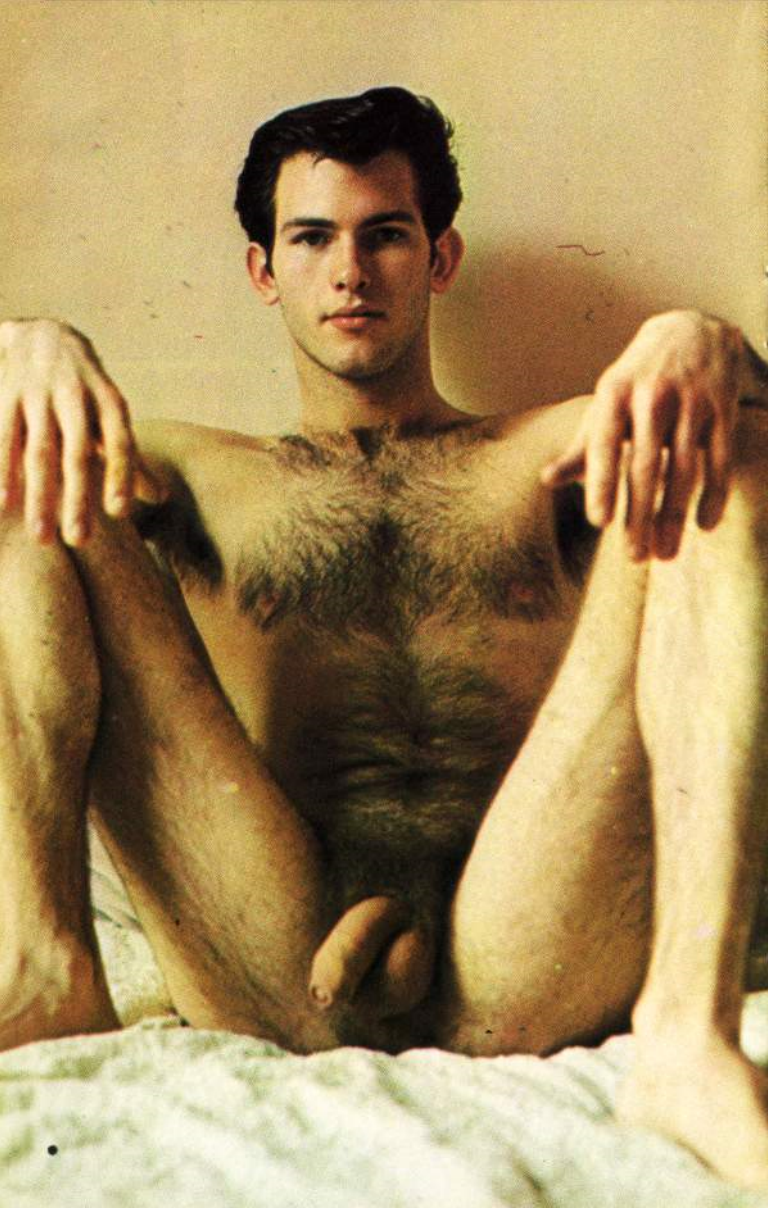

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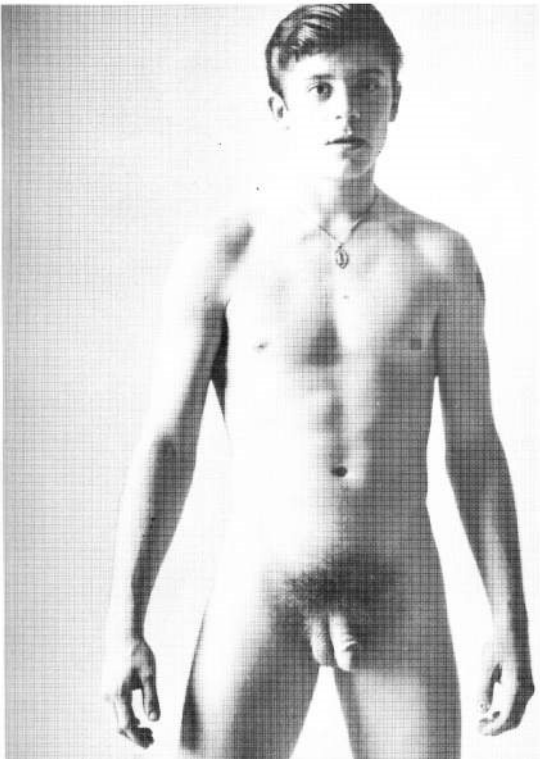

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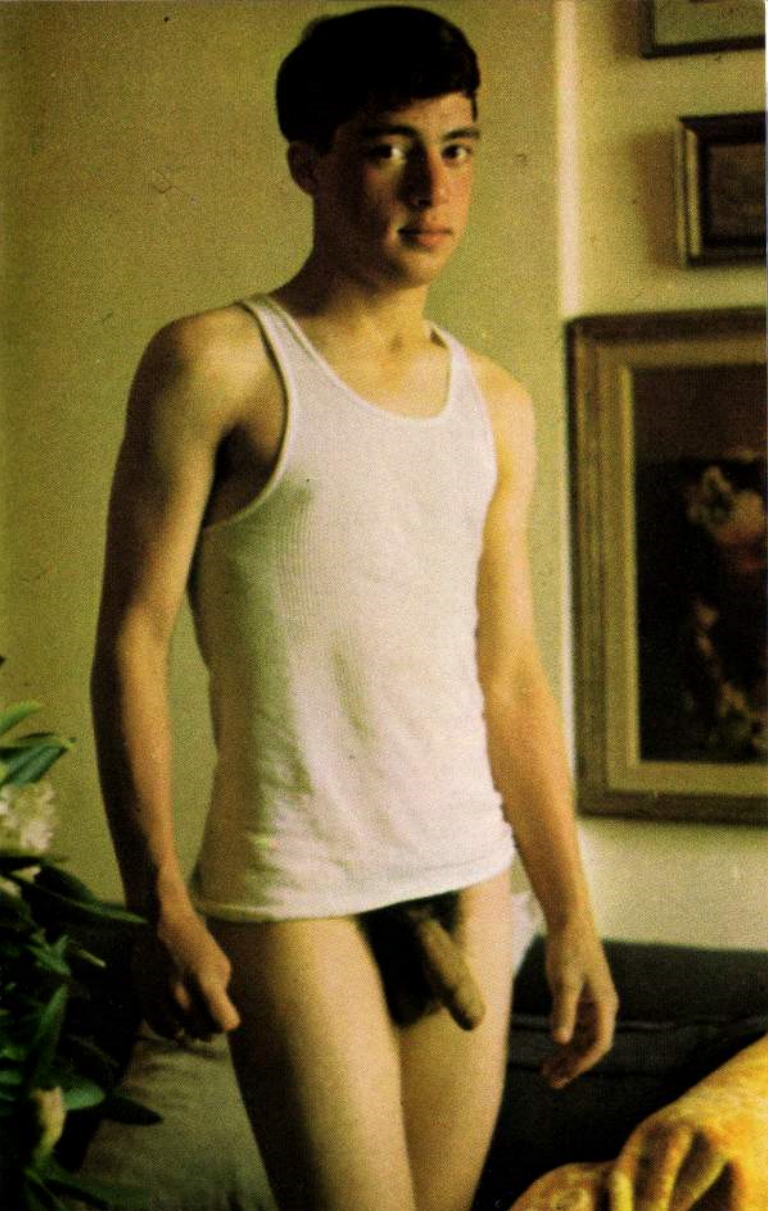

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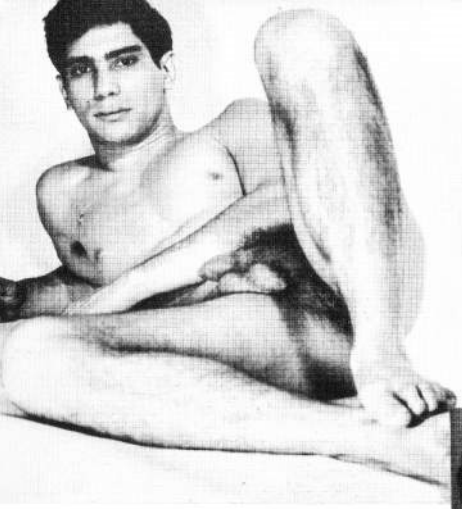

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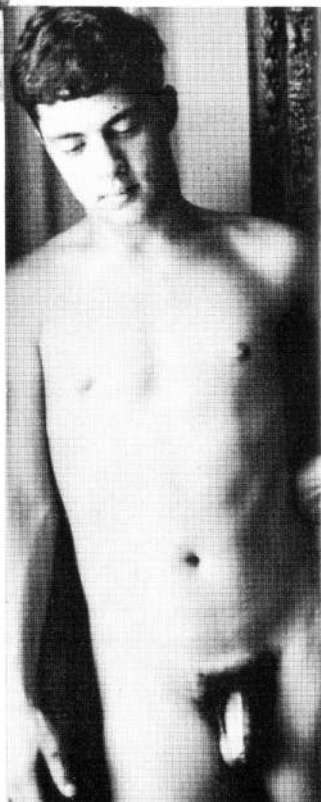

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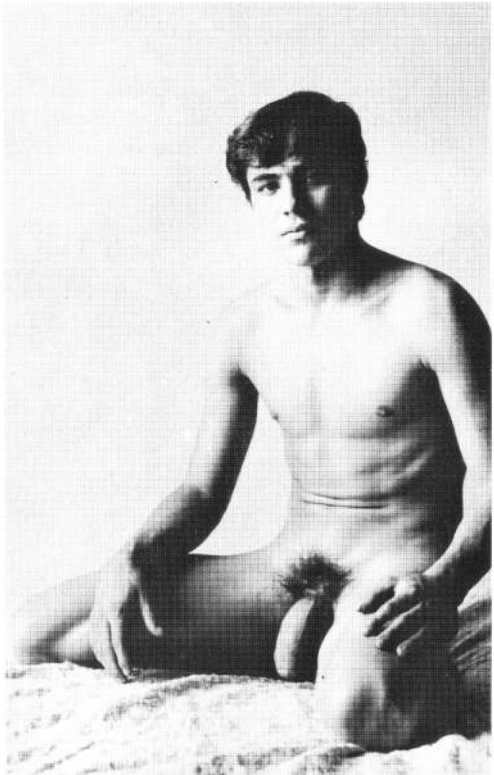

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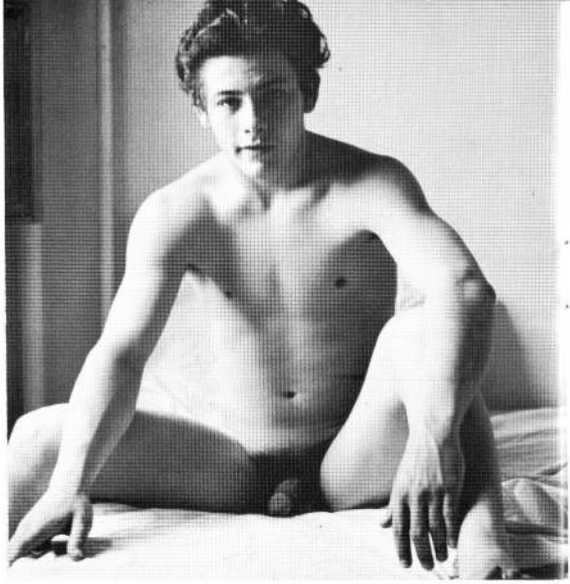

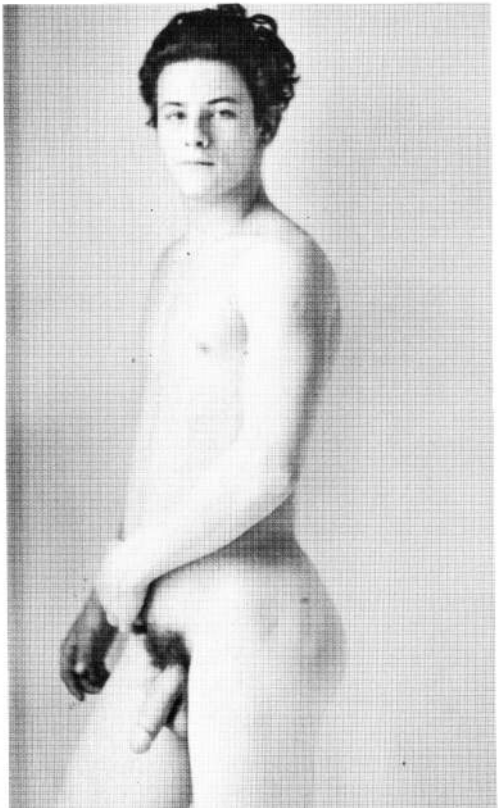

BILL WOOD

THE FANTASTIC WISH

by Allan James

"Star light—star bright,
First star I've seen tonight.
I wish I may—I wish—"
Well, you know the rest of it.

I remember it from the time I was a kid and my grandmother used to recite it to me as I sat on her lap at the window in her little room and watched the day fade out and the night come on all dark and mysterious.

And there it would be—that dancing piece of heaven hung up there on the horizon. I'd look at it and it would shimmer and temp me to think of all the marvelous space between it and me. There was a whole universe I had yet to explore.

And then I grew up—but every once in awhile—from the window of a two-bit room or the porch of a cruddy boarding house, I'd run into it again.

Then somebody told me it was Venus—another planet like ours—just as real, just as physical. But it still had that special nostalgia for me.

And, of course, later a space probe went by and the headline reports made it sound pretty lousey.

But to me, it remained a beautiful star that promised all sorts of things—almost anything I could imagine. And certainly, most of all, escape.

When tricks were hustlers—when backers were opportunists—when art teachers were cubes—I'd find a spot somewhere, in a park where I could see it from under the tree leaves—or from a window where the dust refracted it and made it dance even more than usual—and I'd look at my star. My marvelous evening star.

Until the night of the idea. Oh, not that easily said—not just 'the idea'. *THE IDEA!* Like that!

The rent was three weeks overdue. I was dropping in on any friends I could think of—just in time for a meal. The agency where I had worked had let me go—the last big ad campaign had bombed—expenses had to be cut somewhere. And the phone—that monstrous attachment, like an umbilical cord to the outer world—it had been chopped so I couldn't even hope for an old score to remember and make a try.

Try? Hell, he could have—as my grandmother used to put it—had the family jewels at pawnshop price, if he could have reached me.

Alright—so I was down, but I figured I had to be able to beat the brains into something worthwhile. I refused to believe I was *out.*

And then?

My star was there!

I knew what I'd do! I'd create one beautiful oil painting—one that

nobody —absolutely *nobody* could ignore. And it would hang in a famous art museum.

A male, of course. And a nude —of course! And into it I would put all the marvelous elements of the perfect male. From a face that was ideal to a body that showed only perfection—down to that deliciously big thing personifying the ultimate in maleness.

If I could pull this off—and I was positive I could — I would shock, intrigue, turn-on anyone who saw it.

I'd be in—In—IN!

I went to work. It was late but I had dozens of sketches, hundreds of photos, quite a few inspiring ideas of my own.

It was almost morning by the time I got down the figure I wanted and started the rich dark background that would show it at its best.

The sky in the east was lighting by the time I went to sleep.

I think my landlady knocked sometime during the day. I was so damn tired I ignored it.

And when I started working again—not too long after sunset—my evening star was dancing for me.

I finished it—the ideal male—and I fell across my unmade bed—and slept until another evening.

When I woke, he was there. The painting? Yes—he! He smiled at me. And I forgot all the telephone conversations that made a particular voice sound great. And I forgot how magnificent a body looked until I saw it without the sweater or shirt and the tight almost-revealing jeans. And I forgot soft words in the dark that kept promising a life of eternal faithfulness and love.

I was hungry. God, I was ravenous!

But he stood there and smiled at me—and I lay on my bed and adored him.

I had done *this?* Yes—I had *done* this!

His body was mine. Not for the taking—I had created it.

And his face was mine. Oh, not a portrait of me—but perfection created by me. All the highlights and shadows—all the sturdy bone and the soft tissue, the taut muscle and the suntainned ivory skin. And this I had created.

The eyes! There was a depth of understanding and pathos — a knowing of the past and a hope for the future—the glory of seeing and yet dreaming, of having visions and still possessing fantastic desire that reached out and wrapped around me.

I lay there and forgot my hunger and my rent and my phone and my lost job.

I fell in love—with my creation.

And—he reached a hand out and beckoned me toward him.

I shook my head.

Come on! I'm hungry—and obviously I've done a magnificent painting, just like I said I would—but I'm not—not blowing my cool about it.

Or am I?

He beckoned again.

God, he was beautiful!

My star was shining—and it was as though I was in a glorious dream.

He smiled and showed me, with a shove of his hips, why I should join him. So—I took off my clothes and walked toward him.

His body was warm and solidly sensual and his head tipped back once and he kissed me before he said,

"You see, you don't have a right to go too far—to create the ideal. To try—yes! To go this far—no!"

He caught my hand and pulled it far in on his thigh as I stood behind him. It was only an inch from where I wanted it to be.

The star blazed up.

And now, in the afternoon, my landlady stands before us and says,

"I think it's indecent—two men with nothin' on like that—"

She turns away but she looks back over her shoulder and her eyes so soft and appreciative.

"—but I think it's beautiful."

And at the door she says,

"I suppose I'll have to sell this off to pay the rent he owed me—but—"

And she looks back at us in the painting.

"—I—I think I'll hang that—in the bathroom."

"And since I can't move, all I can think is, "Star bright—"

—The End—

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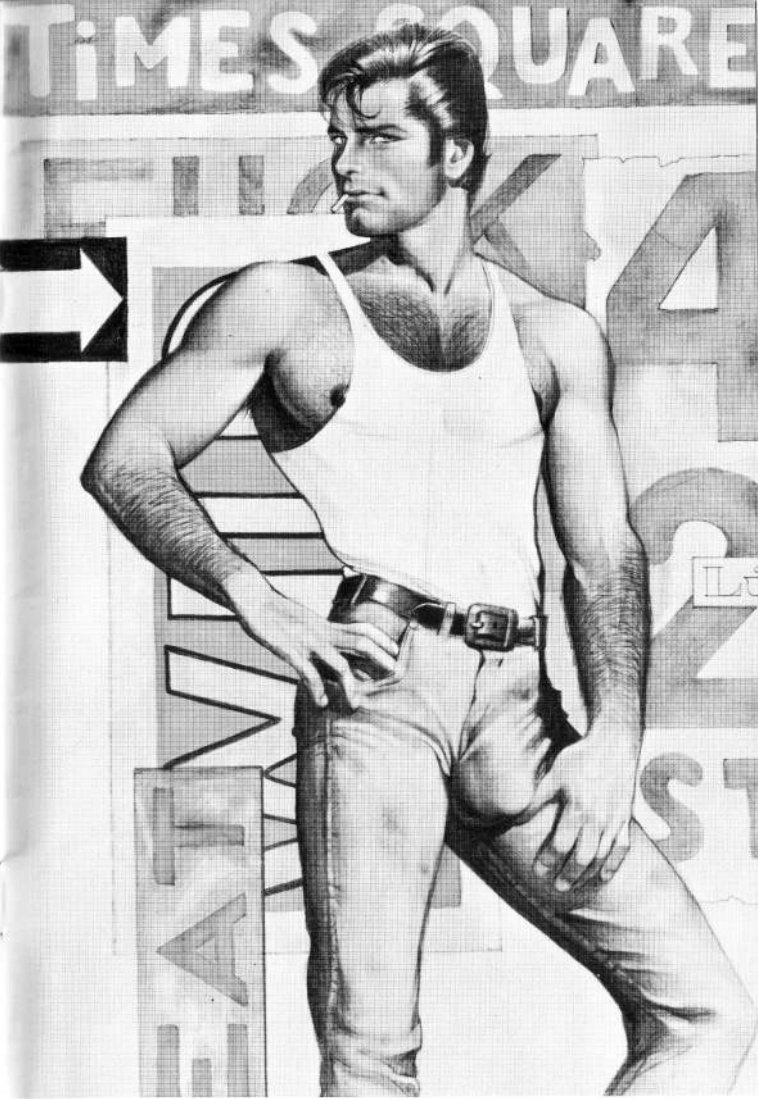
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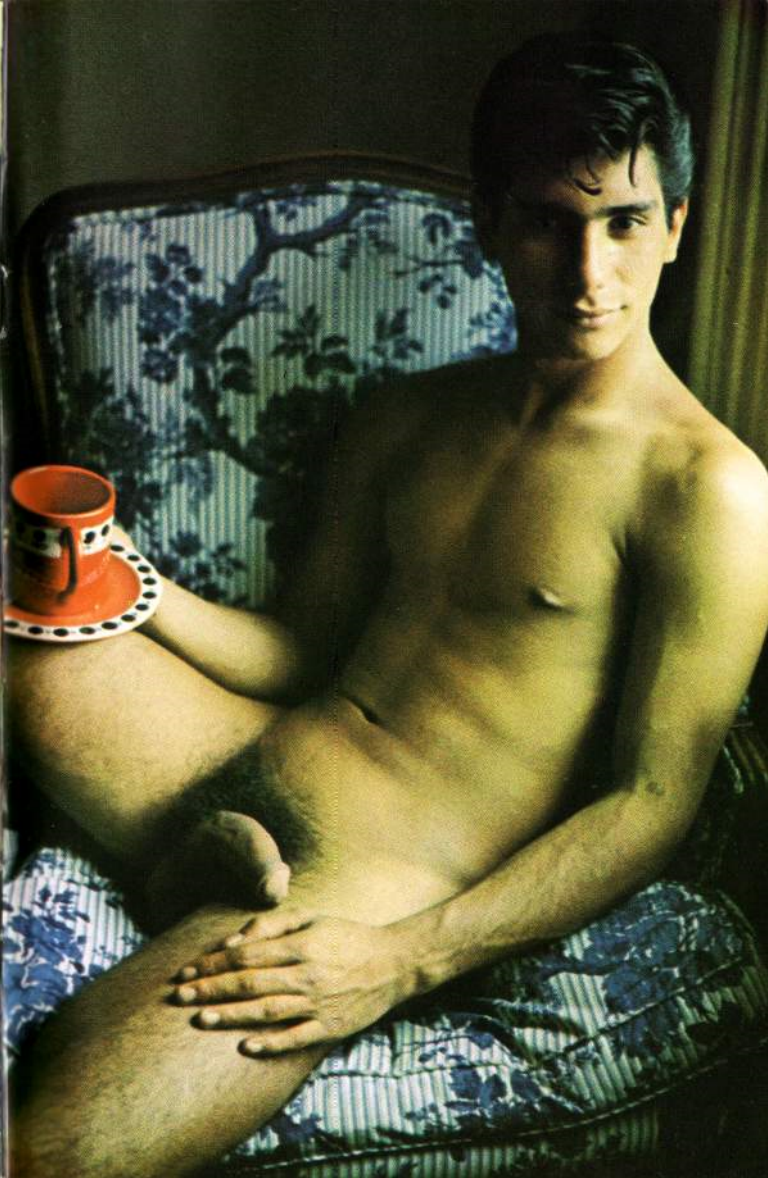

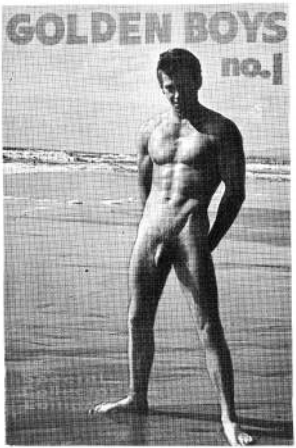

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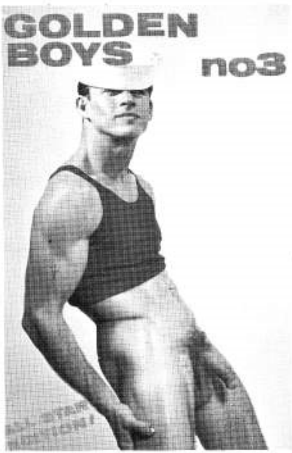

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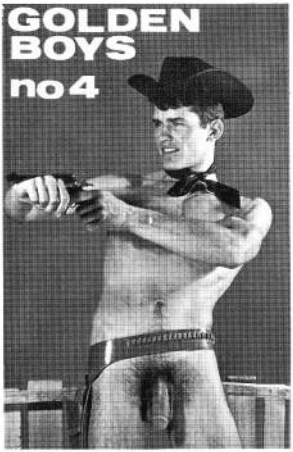

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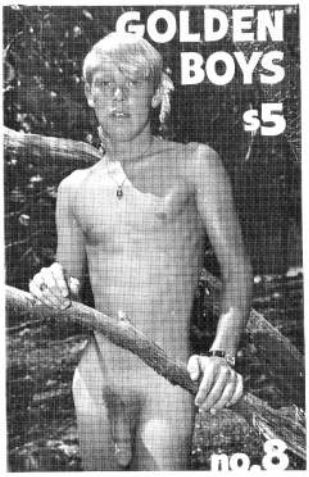

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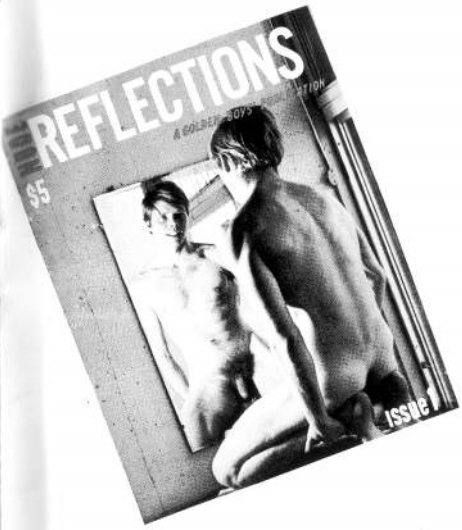

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